THE

Devil's Almanac:

BEING A

Curious SETT

OF

Helliſh Predictions,

Calculated for the

Britiſh Meridian.

From the

Glorious Firſt of APRIL 1745.

Printed at Pandæmonium.

LONDON:

Sold by M. COOPER at the *Globe* in *Pater-noſter-Row.*

MDCCXLV.

[Price Six-Pence.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PATENT.

LUCIFER, by the Wrath of God, Sovereign of Hell, and Enemy to the Faith, To all to whom these Presents shall come, Health and the Beggar's Blessing. Whereas our dear and well-beloved Cousin *Asmodeo* has, by his Petition, humbly represented to us, That he has been at a very great Expence of Sweat and Malice, in compiling a Work called *The* Devil's Almanac; *being a curious Set of* Hellish Predictions, *calculated for the* British Meridian, *from the glorious First of* April, *anno* 1745. which Work the Petitioner, with the utmost Submission, apprehends may be of great Service to

All PERSONS *who are* DAMNABLY *curious*; and being desirous of reaping the Fruits of his said deviliſh Expence and Labour, and of enjoying the full Profit and Benefit that may arise from printing the same, without any other Person interfering in his just Property, which he cannot prevent without our Royal Licence and Protection; he has therefore most humbly prayed us to grant him our Royal Licence and Protection for the sole printing, publishing and vending the said Work, in as ample Manner and Form as has been done in Cases of the like Nature: We being graciously and *notoriously* inclined to give Encouragement to all sad Stuff, miserable Nonsense, and worthless Works, that may be a NUSANCE *to the* PUBLICK, are pleased to condescend to his Request, and do, by

by theſe Preſents, (as far as may be agreeable to our venerable Brethren of the Law) grant unto the ſaid Author our Royal Privilege and Licence, for the ſole printing, publiſhing and vending the ſaid Work, during its full Term of Requeſt and Sale, to be computed from the Date hereof; ſtrictly forbidding all OUR Subjects, within our Kingdoms and Dominions, to reprint or abridge the ſame, either in the like or any other Volume or Volumes whatſoever: And more eſpecially we forbid, and abſolutely prohibit all *Subſcription* Coffee-Houſes to take the ſame in, as well as all Halfpenny Piracies; the Whole under the Pain and Penalty of Four thouſand nine hundred and ninety nine Laſhes at the Cart's Tail, the Half of which to be paid to the Informer, the other Half to the Juſtice of Peace that ſhall make out the Warrant: Whereof our numerous Deputies in Office in the City of *Pandæmonium*, and all other Officers and *Miniſters* whom it may concern, are to take Notice that ſtrict Obedience be given to our Pleaſure herein ſignified.

By his Infernal Majeſty's Command,

NOODLE.

Given at our Court at *Dunce-Stable*, in the Kingdom of the *Moles*, the firſt Day of *April*, in the Five thouſand ſeven hundred and forty fifth Year of our Reign. Sealed with boiling hot Sealing-Wax.

Regiſtred in the Regiſters of the Infernal Library, No. oooooooo. Blank Folio, the Day and Year above written.

DOODLE.

APPRO-

APPROBATION.

WE the under written Doctors of a diabolical Taſte in Arts and Sciences, and Licentiates in all damnable Faculties, do certify to have had read to us a Manuſcript, bearing Title The Devil's Almanac, *&c. and having duly pondered the trivial Jokes, the pointleſs Malice, the obſcure Alluſions, and ſilly Quibbles with which it is fraught, cannot heſitate in pronouncing it a Production worthy of a Land of Darkneſs, from which all* Light *is, to our ſerene Comfort, intirely baniſhed; and no doubt the Publick will have its Curioſity wonderfully gratified by ſuch of the Predictions as may be ſaid to be already fulfilled, or contain an* Elucidation *of a* paſt Proſpect, *to uſe the Words of a Literato of great Dignity. In Teſtimony then of our Approbation, we have ſet our* Marks *to theſe Preſents, in our infernal Council-Chamber, the Year of our Damnation Five thouſand ſeven hundred and forty five, the firſt of* April.

The Marks of
- Demogorgon,
- Belzebub,
- Satan,
- Belial,
- Aſtaroth,
- Leviathan,
- Gog,
- Magog,
- Fergalus.

PREFACE.

PREFACE.

START not, gentle Reader, at ſeeing my Name prefixed to this little Work. My Intention in placing it there, was, moſt certainly, not to frighten you from the Peruſal, or give you a Diſtaſte of it, but to pique and provoke your Curioſity, which I thought could not well be baited with a more taking Title. In my Walks having often had the Pleaſure to hear you confeſs *the Devil was not ſo black as they make him*, and adopt the Maxim which declares for *giving the Devil his Due*, a Whim came into my Head, of making Trial of this Candour, in Quality of an Author, (the preſent Run of whom are, for the moſt Part, poor Devils indeed!) and, in order thereto, I have now the Honour to preſent you with this little *Almanac* of my own compiling.

I am afraid, indeed, that ſeveral notable Perſonages will have Reaſon to reproach me, that I have left them out of this Work, where they have ſo richly a Title to be niched; but this is an Honour they need not deſpair of, the Devil ſeldom owing a Shame but he pays it; and it would be hard, indeed, if ſuch a Number of Claimants, to whom there is outſtanding ſo large a Debt, ſhould prove lamentable Exceptions, ſince the Publick would be defrauded as well as they.

As I had often heard it ſaid of certain Works, that had not the bad Fortune to pleaſe the Readers who were mauled in them, That ſuch rank Nonſenſe could only come from Hell, I concluded that Mr. *Lucifer* muſt be a great Patron and Encourager of a Scheme like mine. Full of this Idea, I repaired thither, where I not only obtained a Patent, but an Approbation of ſeveral Heads of Colleges in the

infer-

infernal Univerſity, both which I have prefixed to this Work, which is not the only one graced with Puffs in this Stile.

I wiſh it may make you laugh but half as much as it has diverted ſome of the Dead of your Acquaintance. My Lord *O*——— ſhook *Erebus* itſelf with the uſual Jollitry of his Convulſions; and a Number of departed Miniſters, who broil below, at leaſt, as much as they did above, were extremely pleaſed to ſee ſome of the *Friends* they left behind them ſmoaked and Paper-ſinged, like Fowls a-roaſting. They wait too for them with Impatience, and follow their old Practice of keeping their Places *warm* for them, againſt they *come in*. It is a great Pity the Publick does not ſend them after them with all poſſible Diſpatch, for your *Hell-Fire Skreens* are extremely groaned for there.

You will wonder, perhaps, to ſee no red-letter'd Kalendar of MY Saints in this *Almanac*, and the more ſo, as you cannot be ignorant of what one of the Fathers of the Church ſo juſtly obſerved, *That the Devil has his Martyrs and Devotees*; but my Deſign being to give you an *Almanac*, and not a Library, you will excuſe it; and as to any Obſcurity in the Text, you will be pleaſed to wait till Dr. *W.* publiſhes a Commentary to it, which will *create* it Beauties and Meaning where they are wanting. In the mean Time, you cannot do better than follow *great* Examples, and ſtun all juſt and ſolid Reflexions with Noiſe, Trumpery, and frivolous Traſh, which are not only the daily Amuſement of ſeveral illuſtrious Lives, but their ſole Principles of Exiſtence: In Attention to which prevailing Taſte, I preſume on offering you the following Piece, which is highly in it, or meant to be ſo. Farewel, till our merry Meeting.

Helliſh.

Helliſh Predictions.

Note, The Reader need not go to the *Devil* for the KEY.

The Firſt of April.

I.

FOOLS will be as riſe, at leaſt, this Seaſon, as they were the laſt.

II.

A certain *Welch* Knight will be confoundedly aſhamed of his Bubble's Bargain. His Place to be diſpoſed of a Pennyworth.

III.

A hopeful General will ſet out ſome Time or another to make the greateſt Campaign that ever was made—*Note*, the Price of Laurel will be raiſed.

IV.

A Lord famous for Epiſtolar Extempore, will be employed as Hiſtoriographer to the Conqueſts in Embrio, his Stile in Battle-Pieces being extremely admired.

V.

A Quidam Poet, famous for Poetical Buckram, will puff the Publication of his Play on the ſixth Night of Acting, tho' indeed it will run longer; for the Play does not ſo much deſerve to be damned, as the Author of the fulſom Dedication.

VI.

A noted Journaliſt will go on thrumming the old String; and what is certain is, that he will neither be minded nor bought off.

VII.

The People of *England* will make Me a Preſent of the *Spirit* of a late departed Stateſman; but I thank them for their Kindneſs, it is more my Intereſt that it ſhould remain among them.

VIII.

In a certain Country famous for Heavineſs and Phlegm, there will be a Trial of Skill between Wit and Judgment—*Note*, the Odds againſt the former.

IX.

The Duke of *Aremberg*, reinforced by the Elector of *Cologn*'s Troops, the *Saxons* and *Ruſſians*, who cannot fail of coming in Time enough, will ſwallow up *Maillebois*, before he can proceed any Lengths in the black and wicked Deſigns of *France* againſt *Hanover*.

X.

One of your *made* Noblewomen will, on examining her Houſe Expences, find, to her infinite Joy, that ſhe has ſaved One Pound, ſix Shillings, and four Pence three Farthings in the Article of ſmall Beer, on the laſt Year's Run, and diſcover an Overcharge in the Milk-Score of Seven-Pence Farthing; which will go near to coſt the Houſe-Keeper her Place.

XI.

A foreign Lady will run ſome Hazard of loſing her Favour, by her Alliance in Figure to the ungracious Broad-Bottoms.

XII.

Some of the *Khevenhuller* Coxcombs will have the Ague this Spring, as that chilly Diſorder has

of

of late been very epidemical amongſt our Forces.

XIII.

A great Man will, in the Cathedral of St. *Paul's*, in the Preſence of the Right Reverend Father in God the Biſhop of *L——n*, abjure the *Roman Catholick* Religion, and all the Mother *Gooſe's* Tales in which it abounds; tho' I will do all I can to hinder it.

XIV.

Whitfield and the *Weſtleys* will pray devoutly for a Perſecution, that may make them be more taken notice of than they are; but indeed the Government is not quite ſo kind as to oblige them in it; ſo that in a little Time the Methodiſts will be ſick of the full Liberty they have of playing the Fool, and running after MY Company of Farcical Strollers.

XV.

A Number of modern *Cato's* will go out of Places, it is ſuppoſed they went into for no other End——but that they might go out again.

XVI.

All Sickneſſes will be unhealthy this Year, and War a great Evil, as my Friend the Grand Seignior very gravely obſerves in his mediatorial Overtures.

XVII.

A great Man, noted for the Fortune of a Prince, and the Husbandry of a Shop-Keeper, will be recorded as he deſerves, for the great Things he has neither done nor promoted.

XVIII.

A Lady, on finding her Lord engaged with one of her Maids, will ſcrupulouſly repay him the Favour Cent per Cent, with two of his Footmen.

XIX.

A certain Officer, of a great Name only, will moſt cordially repent the Folly of making a worſe

Bargain

Bargain than *Eſau*, who did not, at leaſt, ſell his Birthright for a Meſs of Froth.

XX.

A famous Pack-Horſe, crouching under the Burden of Years, Vices, and the Laſh of *any* M——y, will have the Impudence to complain, that Men of the firſt Families are expoſed to Scandal; as if any Birth ought, in a free Country, to leave ſuch Characters as his ſacred or privileged.

XXI.

The wretched Grub, who hugged himſelf for ſaying a good Thing, when he declared he could do nothing more agreeable to the Manes of his Father, than doubling the Muck he left him, and lives with a Spirit ſuitable to this noble End, will go near to hang himſelf for the Loſs of Eleven Groats, which he will find he might have jockyed a Chap for in a Land-Job.

XXII.

The *Jews* of *Prague* will find a more zealous Patronage than perſecuted Chriſtians, in Proportion to the Superiority of a Moneyed Intereſt to a Religious one.

XXIII.

A certain great D——, run mad with Pride and Anceſtry, will be told, to his great Mortification, that the three Kingdoms do not contain a more intrinſically little obſcure Creature than himſelf; but Cuſtom and Habit will confirm him in his Mock-Grandeur, and he will play the Fool in State as uſual.

XXIV.

A Number of Fox-Hunters will hazard their inſignificant Lives in Purſuit of their ſtupid Pleaſure; and for their Encouragement may take MY Word for it, whatever becomes of their Necks——their *Brains* ſuffer no Hurt.

XXV.

XXV.

A Fry of Voluntiers will make their Campaigns in *Vaux-Hall*, and *Ranelagh-Gardens*, where there will be ſeveral warm Rencounters, a great deal of Powder ſpent, and Batteries played in order to Aſſaults in Breach. *Note*, the Ladies will be Judges of the Field.

XXVI.

A Man of Diſtinction, Senſe, and ſome Singularity, will every Day ſee more Reaſon to honour himſelf for diſdaining to eſpouſe a Boſom Plague, in allying himſelf with the Folly, Nonſenſe, and tawdry Fantaſque of the Women of his own Rank.

XXVII.

A fine Lady would be inconſolable for the Death of her Lap-Dog, but for that of her Husband, which will happen in the Nick, as if ſhe had beſpoken it for her Comfort.

XXVIII.

Several good (by which I mean rich) Citizens, will over-eat themſelves, and others ruin or expoſe themſelves, by being Fools enough to ape the worſt Airs of the worſt Sort of trumpery Nobility.

XXIX.

Some poor Rogues will go, in courſe, to the Gallows, for Crimes of infinitely leſs National Concern than thoſe for which ſome of MY great Men have triumphed over the Juſtice of their Country in Coronets and Coaches and Six.

XXX.

There will be exhibited on a very publick Stage, a grand *Droll*, or Burleſque Rehearſal of the Campaigns heretofore made by the intrepid and well-officered Trainbands, in the *Artillery-Ground*, *Bunhil-Fields*, &c.

XXXI.

XXXI.

All publick Offices and Companies will be provided with ſpecial Skreens and Blinds, that as little Light may come at them as poſſible.

XXXII.

Our Navy, under the preſent Adminiſtration of it, will blow *Europe* out of the Water, if it is not quiet.

XXXIII.

Mr. *Ezekiel Drybones*, a very eminent Lamp-Lighter, will be married to Miſs *Beſs Bunter*, the only Daughter of Mr. *Joſeph Bunter*, Chimney-Sweeper and Soot-Merchant; a young Lady of great Merit, and fine Accompliſhments.

XXXIV.

The Archbiſhop of *Clare-Market* will be tampered with to *accept* the Place of Puff-Maſter General to the Operations of the Broad-Bottom, but on his cloſing therewith, upon Examination, it will be found he really has not Impudence *enough* to qualify him for the Poſt.

XXXV.

There will be a C———ee of S———cy called out, in ample Form, of the Ladies of the *Britiſh* Fiſhery, to conſider of Repriſals on the *Plain Reaſoner*, for invading their Province and pirating their Character.

XXXVI.

There will be a Duel fought between an *Engliſhman* and an *Hanoverian*, in an *inner* Apartment, in which the *Hanoverian* will, after a ſhort Conflict, drive the *Engliſhman* ſhamefully before him.

XXXVII.

A Star, that has been long taken for a fixed one, will, by a very eccentrical Motion, dwindle to the Appearance of an *Ignis Fatuus*, which haunts the

Bogs,

Bogs, and ſhines but to make ſilly People wander out of the Way.

XXXVIII.

The Bully of *Alſatia*, ſo famous for his metaphorical Flouriſh of cold Iron, and the Effuſion of Blood over his Claret, will be obliged to raiſe the Siege of the Cloſet, and make a forced Retreat——unleſs I ſhould powerfully aſſiſt him.

XXXIX.

As *Gemini* and *Libra* were Lords of the Aſcendant, at the Nativity of the Broad-Bottom, the Deſtiny of that Babe of Grace muſt, in courſe, be under the Influence of thoſe *Signs* of Power.

XL.

The Town will be bleſſed with a Recruit of Fiddlers, Opera-Singers and Dancers from *Venice*, a Virtuoſo of great *Importance* being ſped thither *on Purpoſe* to *negotiate* them.

XLI.

Mr. *Colley Cibber*, Poet Laureat, and a zealous Proteſtant, will have the Pleaſure, before he cloſes his Eyes on this worldly Stage, to ſee his *papal Tyranny* really *uſeful* to Numbers of his Countrymen, as Grocers, Chandlers, Cheeſemongers, *&c.* who will dole it away *gratis*, as pious People do *good* Books.

XLII.

An Actreſs of ſome Note will be caught in the very Manner with a young Officer, and all her Excuſe to her keeping Cully will be, that ſhe was learning her Exerciſe.

XLIII.

Two Wits in Partnerſhip will hammer out the Hiſtory of a Duke, more celebrated for his military Fortune than his ſocial Virtues; and they will do well to bring it out in the Dog-Days, if there is to

be

be no more Fire in it than in *Leonidas* and in *Eurydice*, or their Readers will be nummed to Death.

XLIV.

A Proteſtant Parſon will ſoon publiſh the Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the celebrated Mr. *Pope*, in which it will be pleaſant to obſerve, how he muſt mumble the Cloak, when, if he reſpects the Laws of Truth and Candour, he muſt touch on his Hero's Biggotry; yea, that childiſh Bigottry to his pitiful, nonſenſical Religion, which he held faſt to the Diſhonour of his ſuperior Senſe, as well of his Sincerity whilſt he *profeſt* an honeſt Eraſmian Moderation.

XLV.

There is no Repeal to be expected of the Stage-Act. *Reader, would you have the true Reaſon?* The Party of thoſe who have pregnant Cauſe to fear the Satire of it, is *now* ſo *increaſed*, that it cannot be but too ſtrong for the Few whoſe Worth and Virtue may bid it an honourable Defiance.

XLVI.

About this Seaſon will be much wanted a Dry-Nurſe to a young Maſter, whom his Parents will hardly truſt Abroad without Leading-Strings; but the Malice of Hell itſelf ought not to ſuppoſe that *One*, eſpecially, is *old Woman* enough to accept of the Employ.

XLVII.

Some grave Heads of Colleges will be ſo inſenſibly tranſplanted, from the animal into the vegetable Kingdom, that the World will hardly perceive any material Change of the Individuals.

XLVIII.

The modern Art of Negotiation, or deep miniſterial Policy, which conſiſts in tranſacting the greateſt Concerns of the Nation Abroad by *Cyphers*, will

produce

produce, in a little Time, Returns in *Cyphers*, from all the Courts to which thoſe *Characters* are employed.

XLIX.

The *Corſicans* will give freſh Marks of their Diſcontent; thoſe ſturdy Iſlanders ſtill ſpurning the Government of their Maſters on the Continent, by a Sereniſſime Doge, and a Mob of Miniſters who lead that Senate.

L.

In ranſacking the Papers of a Stateſman lately deceaſed, there will be found a curious Tariff, or Book of Rates, in which the Price current of every Man is ſet down, from the Premier Speech-Maker in an Oppoſition, down to a *W*——*r* E——r.

LI.

The Country Innocents, who were debauched by fair Promiſes, will meet with a cool Reception from their Friends in the Country, for having loſt their *Honour* at the *Old Game*; but indeed, Reader, they are not wholly inexcuſable, for the Creatures were out of Place, and in Haſte to be hired to a Maſter at any Rate.

LII.

A great Lady will continue to coquet it with her noble Cully, ſo effectually, that ſhe will have his *Head* under her Girdle, and the involved, exhauſted, kind Keeper will not be able to make a *Settlement* of his own Eſtate without her *Hand* to it.

LIII.

The War continuing, and the Want of Men increaſing, *Maidenheads* will be cried about the Streets like *Haſtings*, to the great Accommodation of thoſe pretty Fellows who ſtay at Home *purely* to take Care of the Breed.

LIV.

After a long Trial, in which a controverted Birth has been ſolemnly diſcuſſed, and much Family-Scandal ripped up, the impartial Publick will ſtill be at a Loſs to ſplit the Hair, between the Weight of *Iriſh* Evidence and that of a bad Name.

LV.

A great Man will, this Seaſon, with much Difficulty, be reſtrained from a Viſit to his Country-Seat, by the Uncertainty of the Weather on the preſent Horizon, and the Fear of his *new* Chariot-Wheels ſticking by the Way, or not *performing thorough* the thickeſt of the broad Road to it.

LVI.

A young Lawyer, full of his florid Importance, who affects too much to take his Way, *Poſt*, to the Chancellorſhip through *Greece* and *Rome*, will do well to take Matter of *Fact*, as well as *Words*, along with him, and remember that neither *his Demoſthenes* nor *his Cicero* roſe in their Countries by lowering the Price of Eloquence, in ſelling it to a King.

LVII.

Poor Lord *Puzzle!* how dear will thy total Loſs of Importance ſoon coſt the Pride of that ſilly Head which with ſuch Solemnity of Face ſold thy E—rs for ever! Reader, let the Tragi-comick Example warn you how you attempt ſuch Tricks, eſpecially without more Parts than will juſt ſerve to make the greater Joke of you.

LVIII.

Whereas ſeveral Braſs Counters have been impudently attempted to be impoſed on the Publick, under the Colour of their Stamp; this is to warn all fair Dealers from being impoſed upon by Droſs and Refuſe, however *worked* up, as they can never

be

be *intitled* to *Britiſh* Currency, of which they have neither the *Weight* nor the *Touch*.

LIX.

A L—— ſick to Death of his inſignificant Honours, will wiſh them to ME a thouſand Times, in Return for his having accepted them at *Mine* and and his *Dearee*'s Inſtigation; but, as they create him a Hell of his own, I ſhould act out of Character were I not to leave him and his ſerene *Proſerpine* yet a While to the due Enjoyment of it.

LX.

What *Briton* will not, on conſidering the National Debt and Arrears of the C—— L——, worſhip the Oeconomy of *H——*, which, without draughting One Shilling from *Britain*, ſees an Accumulation of immenſe Treaſure, ſolely by its Trade and prodigious native Riches!!!

LXI.

A young Lady of the City will carry a cracked Utenſil to the Bridal-Bed of her Lord, who will ſcratch his Head on finding the *Flaw* ſo ſtaring; but if all the Husbands, to whom the like Adventure has happened, were tempted to hang themſelves, gentle Reader, recollect whether you have nothing of that Sort to fear for yourſelf.

LXII.

The Free-Maſons will repeat their Anniverſary Farce of a Cavalcade, in the Teeth of the publick Deriſion; but be not offended, Reader, at the triumphant Proceſſion of one trifling Branch of FOLLY, through a Capital where nothing elſe governs: Were all her *Miniſters* as harmleſs, their Equipages would provoke more Mirth, and leſs Indignation.

LXIII.

The Ghoſts of ſeveral Stateſmen, who have departed this political Life, will be ſeen ſtill to *haunt*

thoſe

thoſe Places where their Power was *ſuppoſed* to have died, to the great Diſcomfort of ſeveral of his M——ty's Liege Subjects, who conſcienciouſly wiſh their Spirits, at leaſt, laid in the Red-Sea.

LXIV.

It is not impoſſible that an undutiful graceleſs Nephew will, after begging his *kind* Uncle in open Court, endeavour to procure a Lord Chief Juſtice's Warrant againſt him, which there will be ſome Danger of his ſerving, if poor *John Bull* does not, with his uſual Simplicity, get it ſuperſeded, and prevent a Loſs that to himſelf would be the cleareſt Gain in the World.

LXV.

The ſlow and circumſpect *Dutch* will join *Great Britain totis viribus*, and declare War againſt *France*, *Spain*, *Pruſſia*, *Sardinia*, who not? Ay, but when? The Inſtant you can *perſuade* their High Mightineſſes, it is more for their Intereſt than to let it alone; but in the mean Time they are your moſt obedient humble Servants and faithful Allies.

LXVI.

Reader, The Book is cloſed. Ceaſe to be anxious for future Times. They are hardly worth your Care. Be ſatisfied, Poſterity *cannot* degenerate.

End of the Predictions.

POST-FACE.

IF you have had the Patience, Reader, to go through the Flams and Stuff, with which, in Compliance with the preſent Demand for Traſh, I have ventured to entertain you, I ſhall have more Reaſon

Reaſon to thank your Curioſity than admire your Taſte. I hope, however, you are too charitable and judicious to give the leaſt Credit to my Oracles. As for any *Wit* in them, I am aſſured you will find enough of it, under its proper Character of *Falſe*, that eternal Stamp of all my Productions: For as to Truth, you muſt look for none: Lying, you know, is my favourite Figure, my ruling Vice, a Vice that has procured me the diſtinguiſhing Cognomen of the *Father of Lies*, a Character ſome great Miniſters have not diſdained to make the Baſis of their political Structures, and preferred it, *in Fact*, to that exploded one of *Father of their Country*.

But if this bearing Witneſs againſt myſelf is not ſufficient to deſtroy intirely your Faith in the preceeding Predictions, I appeal from your Credulity to your Knowledge: Remember but the Judgment you pronounce on ſuch as are tainted with a Habit of Lying. *He lies*, you will ſay, *like the Devil*; *all that he ſays is as falſe as the Devil*; Ergo, from your own ſhewing, there is not a greater Liar than I am, nor any Thing falſer than whatever I am the Author of. Conclude then, from thence, that t' e Oracles you have read are meer Fiction, and the Amuſement of a merry Devil, who ſought to divert you with his Sallies.

Perhaps you will puſh the Objection farther, and ſay, I lie, whilſt I plead that I lie. But I ſwear to you by my Horns, (or, if that will not do, by your own, if you are married) that there is no Truth in me, nor in the Work you have read. After all, if you will neither be ſatisfied with my Aſſeverations, nor Oath, you may go to the Author, and there is no more to be ſaid.

Valete & Bibite.

DIABOLICAL

DIABOLICAL VERSES,

In Praiſe of the AUTHOR.

THEE Gin, thee Goddeſs, I invoke, whoſe Rills
Of liquid Fire, by far excelling thoſe
Of *Helicon* and *Aganippe*'s Streams,
Have oft *refreſh'd* thy Poet's fervid Thirſt,
Be preſent to me now, and aid my Song!

O Thou! with true Cimmerian Light adorn'd,
And all the Beams of *Erebus* obſcure
Refulgent, in thy Dawn of Bliſs rever'd,
Dæmon, or, hear'ſt thou, rather Imp or Fame,
Riſing in clouded Majeſty, thy Flight
Shall reach the Skies, altitonant indeed!
In ſweet Diſtreſs, and Elegance of Woe,
And thence deſcending with ætherial Wing,
Irradiate all the Caverns of the Deep,
Rebellowing Murmurs through the ſoft Abyſs,
In Streaks of roſeate Hue and dulcet Notes,
In Amber Strains and joyous Cypreſs Bowers,
Where Love delights to dwell——

O for a Voice of Fire! to cool that Flame
Which in my Breaſt extatick glows, and glows
For Thee, great Author of this Work ſublime,
Whoſe Praiſe ſhall never die, whilſt mighty Senſe
Like *this* ſhall live, and bleſs *Britannia*'s Realms;
The Food of regal Taſte, and ſocial Peers!
But if, with hoſtile Tooth, the Criticks fell

Shall

Shall dare t' impreſs thy Adamantine Bronze,
Myſelf thy Shield, on their devoted Heads
My ireful Wrath ſhall pour, in fiery Sleets,
Whole Spouts of Salt, and Cataracts of Ink,
Confuſion worſe confounded ſhall amaze them,
Blue Plagues, ever-green Heads, and yellow Saſhes.

From my ſublime Apartment
in Crack-Bell-Alley.

MISORYTHMUS.
Poet-Major.

FINIS.

14 JY 60

FINIS